

THOUSANDS DIE BY FLOOD AND WIND.

Coast Cities of Texas Visited by West Indian Hurricane.

Advises regarding the awful effects of the storm which raged along the gulf coast of Texas began to arrive Sunday and the story they told was fraught with horror. First in importance was the news that Galveston was struck by a tidal wave and that the loss of life there was between 2,500 and 3,000. The water was fifteen feet deep over Virginia point. Every effort was made to get telegraphic or cable communication with the wrecked city, but to little avail.

From the Red river on the north to the gulf on the south and throughout the central part of the state, Texas was

south of Waco, every town on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe south of Temple, and every town on the Houston and Texas Central south of Herne has been badly injured.

Early telegrams were received at Houston from most of these places except those still further south than Houston, and hardly one failed to report some deaths, along with a story of many buildings wrecked, in some cases even to the destruction of all the buildings in the town.

The only serious railroad accident reported as due to the storm occurred south of Houston Saturday night. A

trade in 1892 exceeded \$70,000,000, and since then has largely increased. It shipped to domestic and foreign ports more than 1,000,000 bales of cotton in 1893, and these figures have since been greatly exceeded. According to the census of 1890 it had a population of almost 30,000 and contained 187 manufacturing establishments, representing a capital of almost \$5,000,000, and an annual product of about the same amount. The population in 1900 is 37,789.

W. S. Wall of Houston, who has a summer home at Morgan's Point, relates the escape of Mrs. Wall during Saturday night's tidal wave:

"My wife had not been long at the hotel, where she was taking supper," said he. "James Black, a merchant, rushed into the dining room and called upon all to flee for their lives. The tidal wave was on them in an instant, and almost before they could leave the hotel to go to a higher point, the rushing waters were all about them more than three feet deep. Mr. Black, struggling against the elements, bore my wife in safety to the Vincent home."

"Returning immediately to the hotel, Mr. Black in a like manner brought safely to the Vincent home his aged father and mother. His next act of heroism was to rescue Mrs. Rushmore."

The train was running slowly at the time of the wreck, which accounts for the comparatively small loss of life. The car in which Mrs. Prather was riding was thrown into the water and she was pinned down with her head out of a window in such a manner that she drowned before help came.

Not a House Standing.

Among other towns south of Houston, Hitchcock is reported to have suffered severely, while Alta Loma, a little village, is said to be without a single house still standing. Pearland met the same fate.

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known to have been killed, but as only two houses are still standing there it is supposed that the loss of life was greater than this. Seventeen persons are missing. A Laporte relief train that got as far as Seabrooke picked up three bodies on the way.

At Brookshire also four deaths are reported, and there four houses are still standing.

Towns further north add to the stories of horror. Cypress, Hockley, Waller and Hempstead are thought to have lost about 20 per cent of their buildings.

At Taylor the Missouri, Kansas and Texas depot was destroyed and several lives are reported lost.

Bastrop, Smithville and Temple also suffered very heavily, both in lives and property.

Galveston a Beautiful City.

Galveston, the second largest city in Texas and the commercial metropolis of that state, is situated at the northeast extremity of Galveston island, at mouth of the bay of the same name. It is a beautiful city, laid out with wide and straight streets, bordered with numerous flower gardens, magnolias, flowering shrubs and trees. The streets are only a few feet above the sea and have been frequently swept by surging waves stirred up by cyclones and tornadoes.

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"Louis Braquet, manager of the Black hotel, was engulfed in the waves and gave his life up in the successful rescue of his wife and a colored servant girl."

Among the refugees which the Galveston, Houston & Henderson train picked up at Lamarque, four and one-half miles south of Virginia Point, was Pat Joyce, who lived in the west end of Galveston.

"It began raining in Galveston Saturday morning early," said he. "About 9 o'clock work was discontinued by the company and I left for home. I got there about 11 o'clock and found about three inches of water in the yard. The water rose and the wind grew stronger until it was almost as bad as the gulf itself. Finally the house was taken off its foundation and entirely demolished. People all around me were scurrying to and fro, endeavoring to find places

of safety and making the air hideous with their cries. There were nine families in the house, which was a large two-story frame, and of the fifty people residing there myself and niece were the only ones who could get away."

"Veronica," he said at length, "will you go back to where you live and I will write to you when I have seen her?"

"The wife you love?" asked poor Veronica.

"Yes," said Alan. "Will you do that? You know that you can trust me."

"Of course," said Veronica, simply. "I will do what you say always. It is misery to me to think that I have made you so unhappy, when I thought only to make you happy."

"My poor girl," he said, deeply touched by the contrition in her tone and by her sadness, "you would have done very wrong if you had not come."

She gave him her address and left him. When she had gone a little way from him she took her boy in her arms and hugged him fiercely. "He never looked at you, my own," she said—"never once! But you are mother's joy! Oh, Alan, Alan," she wailed, "why I saved!"

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The Only Way

A Fascinating
Romance
by
Alan Adair...

CHAPTER VII.

Veronica's face was as haggard as Alan's. The blow had been so crushing, so unexpected—that he had not seemed glad to see her, that his heart had not leapt out to her, as hers did to him, that his eyes did not rest for one moment upon the boy, was bad enough; but that there should be another woman in her place! Oh, that was anguish intolerable! At last she spoke. "You love her, Alan?" she asked.

"Better than my life!" he answered passionately.

"Oh!" She gave a little shudder. "Then I will go and leave you to your happiness," she said quietly. "It's the only way—the only way. I will take our boy and go!"

"But you cannot go!" he groaned. "I made you my wife, Veronica, and as long as you live you will be my wife, although my heart and hers may break."

"I break your heart?" cried Veronica. "Why, I would give my life for you. I would not have you unhappy for a moment if I could help it. I love you as much as in the old days, Alan, before the shipwreck. Oh, why was I saved?"

He looked at her, and poor Veronica's heart failed her. There was no love in that look. All the love of Alan's heart was given to Joyce. There was pity and despair, but no love. When a woman loves a man she can soon see the difference. He could not say that he praised God that she was saved, and he did not. "Tell me about it," he said mechanically. If she talked he would be able to think what it would be best to do for her. But as for him, the despair of his heart almost choked him when he thought that in about half an hour he must pull down that beautiful fabric of their lives, must ruin Joyce forever! He could scarcely think of Veronica in his overwhelming agony; but she spoke, glad to see his interest.

"I was washed in shore, into a sandy bay, Alan. I had gone through the anguish of dying; but when the people found me they brought me to, but the shock had been too much for me; I could not remember anything. And then in about five months baby was born, and then it all came to me slowly. I was ill and weak and could do nothing; I could scarcely think. Then at last when I wrote the letters were sent back to me, and I heard a rumor that you had gone back to England. I was penniless. I did not know if you wanted our marriage acknowledged, so I did not write to Mr. Dempster; but as my strength returned my courage did also. I began giving singing and guitar lessons. People were good to me. I worked hard, and at last scraped together enough money to take me in a sailing boat to England. I hate the sea. I was afraid of it; but you were there, and I came. But it was a year before I could find anything of you, and I should not have found you at all but Hutchinson told me he had seen you and had spoken to you."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Two days ago. But he told me that he had seen you two months ago, and you had spoken of me. You had told him we were married, Alan, which he had not known. He tracked me home from a music shop, where they get me music lessons; but I cannot tell why he delayed."

But Alan could. Hutchinson, in his cruelty, knew that it would be the ruin of Joyce's life as well as his own if this marriage with her could be consummated first. He knew Hutchinson hated him, so this was his revenge!

He tried to think of Veronica, but it was of no use. Joyce's image came before him whenever he tried to think of the poor girl who was his wife. The little boy, also, was looking at him with his Alan's, own blue eyes, which were so great a contrast to his curly dark hair. That these poor creatures, dependent upon him for love which he could not give, troubled him.

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He crept home slowly, like a wounded animal going to its lair. Home! The very word hurt him. And he and Joyce had only this morning talked of buying the pretty house for their summer residence. This morning was it, or years ago. Could it be only an hour or so since he left the station, all unsuspecting of what was to befall him?

For he had been unsuspecting. He had entirely forgotten the woman who he now easily identified as Veronica. He had been happy as it is given to few mortals to be happy. He groaned aloud as he opened the door which led into the pretty hall. His throat was dry; he could not call Joyce.

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"Alan," she called again, "come along, darling."

"I am coming." His voice was, however, so muffled, in a moment she was alarmed. She came running out to him.

"Alan, Alan, what is it? Are you ill, dearest?"

Her unconsciousness almost killed him, together with the thought that he would have to tell her. Then she came up to him and saw his face. In an instant she knew that something awful had occurred. Her jaw fell, and she staggered up to him, putting out her hand and feeling as if she were blind. She was unconscious no longer, for she remembered vividly the day when he had turned so white, and had told her the reason afterwards as they sat together at the hotel. Her quick mind told her that his ashy greyness and the misery on his face had something to do with his dead wife. Hand in hand they went together into the pretty morning-room, into which the sun was shining, and they sat down speechless. A bird in a bush close by set up its joyous song. Nature was full of gladness.

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"Tell me like this," she said. But he could not speak, his grief was uncontrollable. And so in whispers she began: "It is something about your wife, Alan—your first wife, I mean, poor Veronica?"

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"Yes!" he cried.

"Alive? Oh, my poor heart! Alive! Your wife? And I—"

He sat up then and grasped her hands in his. "You, you!" he cried. And the agony of his voice came back to Joyce for years after. "You! I've got to give you up, Joyce! You, the wife of my heart, my own, my soul! You've got to be as nothing to me! How can I do it?"

"I don't know," she said feebly. "And yet, Alan, we must!"

"Do you think I don't know it?" he cried. "Do you think I would have you live with me while my wife was living? Do you think I should let one person in this world point a finger of scorn at you? Do you think I should let you soil your beautiful white soul for me? Oh, Joyce, I love you too much for that! You are too dear to me for that! I will say good-by to you, my own, and never look at your face again; but I will not let you live disgraced. But the parting—the parting!"

Joyce's white face uplifted to his. Joyce's hands grasping his, Joyce's whole being suffused by love for him, and he had to give her up! No more exquisite agony had to be imagined than this moment's, and yet, when it came to the actual doing of it, it so far transcended the imaginings of it that this interview almost seemed sweet in comparison.

"The parting?" she re-echoed. "The

parting? You mean that, we must cease living in the same house, in the same place, together? Alan, can we do it? Will strength be given us? Oh, what shall we do?"
(To be continued.)

ENGLISH TIPTOPPERS' PAY.

What the Leading Men of All Professions Earn in England.

It pays to be at the top of things. Money is always attendant upon reputation, for nowadays the successful man is well rewarded for his ability. Diplomacy seems to be one of the most paying professions to follow. "The salary of an ambassador," is a well-known saying when any one wishes to indicate that such and such a person is possessed of great wealth. Sir E. J. Monon, our ambassador at Paris, is the most highly paid of all those vigilant gentlemen who guard our interests abroad. He receives for his services the princely income of £9,000 a year. After him comes Sir H. Rumbold at Vienna, with £8,000; Sir F. C. Lascelles, at Berlin, with the same yearly sum, and Sir Charles Stewart Scott, who draws £7,800 from the public purse to represent us in St. Petersburg. All the English diplomats are well paid. Here is a list of some of them, giving the place at which they reside and the income that comes to them for it: Washington, £6,500; Rome, £7,000; Turkey, £8,000; Tokio, £4,000; Egypt, £6,000; Teheran, £5,000—a list taken at random, which serves to show the large earnings of our representatives. The English church is still a paying profession for the men at the head of it. The archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, enjoys, and indeed earns, the nice little sum of £15,000 a year, while his colleague of York is, like the bishop of London, paid £10,000 for his arduous and never-ending labors. The earl of Minto, the governor of Canada, heads the list of governors with £10,000, and after him comes Sir Alfred Milner of Cape Town with £8,000. Lord Beauchamp of New South Wales gets £7,000, as also does Gen. Grenfell, who looks after that island fort, Malta. Sums of £6,000, £5,000, and £4,000 are common salaries. Consul-generals are munificently paid. Two of them—Viscount Cromer of Cairo and Sir H. M. Durand of Teheran—each receive £5,000 a year. For being first lord of the admiralty Mr. Goschen draws £4,500, while Sir Richard Webster, until the last few days, enjoyed as attorney-general £7,000. Mr. Chamberlain has, besides his own large private fortune, £5,000 as his official salary, while for commanding the army Lord Wolseley gets £4,500. The home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, has £5,000 in salary. Despite the large figures given above, no one, not even the archbishop himself, can compare in his earnings with those of a successful barrister. Of all "tip-top" men, your leading counsel is the most fortunate. Lord Russell of Killowen as a barrister made something like £20,000 a year—London Mail.

SUPPLY OF IRON.

World Consumes About 90,000,000 Tons a Year.

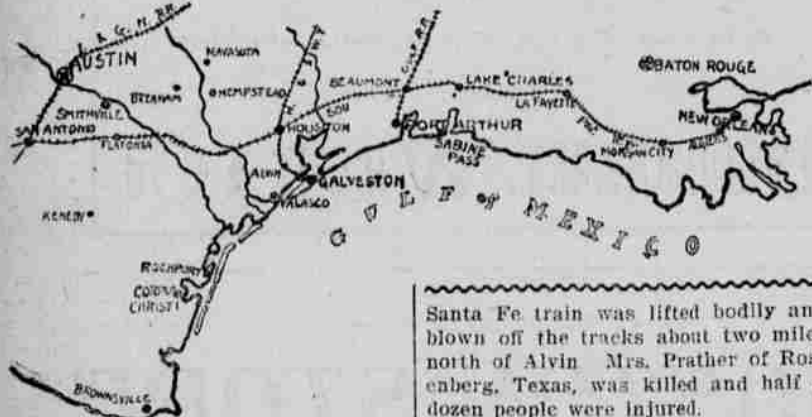
A good deal of anxiety has been felt during the last two years as to the available supplies of iron ore and fuel. The total world's consumption of iron ores in 1899 was probably more than 90,000,000 tons. Of this quantity the United States contributed more than 22,000,000. But in all countries alike exceptional efforts were made to increase the output so as to overtake the greatly stimulated demand. These efforts are still being continued, says the Engineering Magazine. Spain has been ransacked from one end to the other, in order to increase the available supplies. France is opening up new sources of supply in Greece, North Africa and elsewhere. The Germans have sought to acquire almost a monopoly of the supply of Swedish Lapland—within the Arctic circle—for a number of years to come, and have concluded arrangements which point to their belief that iron ores are likely to become increasingly scarce. This is a general apprehension, and if it is justified by the facts, then it seems to be probable that this condition may mainly determine future supremacy. Mme. de Staël once observed that "Providence fights on the side of the biggest battalions." In the war of commerce and industry it is conceivable that Providence may in future seem to interpose on behalf of the nation that has the largest available supplies of cheap iron ores.—Chicago Record.

President Receives About \$90,000.

The president receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, his house free, and this includes the heating and lighting. The grounds are cared for, his conservatory is filled with flowers, and the gardener who cares for it is paid by the government. The only servants whose wages the president is called upon to pay are his own personal ones, for the doormen, messengers, clerks, and, in fact, every one connected directly or indirectly with the executive department are, of course, government employes. He receives, also, as the head of the army, fodder for his horses and his stable is the property of the government. There are other allowances and, taken all in all, it is estimated that the president receives in various ways between \$80,000 and \$90,000 a year, or its equivalent.

Something of an Heir.

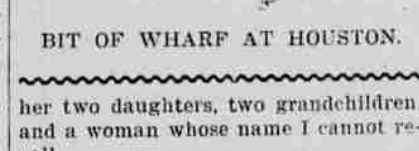
Marshall Owen Roberts, who became a naturalized British subject a few days ago, is a son of the late Marshall Owen Roberts of New York, a mining king, who died in 1880, leaving an estate valued at \$5,000,000.



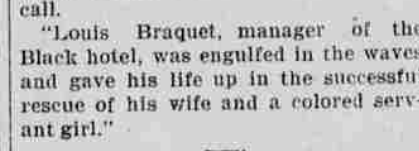
SECTION OF TEXAS DEVASTATED BY HURRICANE.



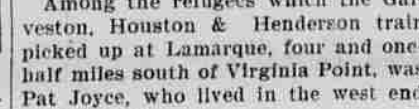
BRIDGE OVER GALVESTON BAY.



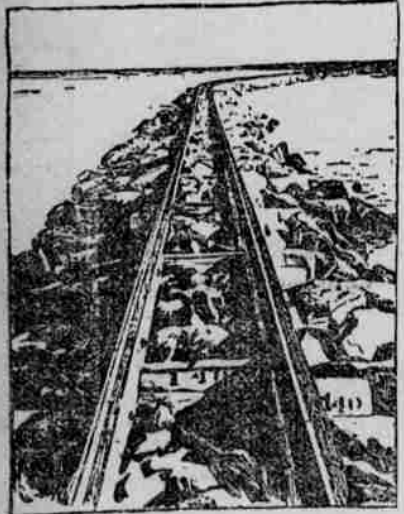
BIT OF WHARF AT HOUSTON.



STRAND STREET, GALVESTON.



THE COTTON DOCKS AT GALVESTON.



GALVESTON JETTIE.

of its inhabitants drowned, is the chief sufferer in the hurricane horror of southern Texas.

Port Arthur, its rival further to the east, has escaped with a drenching from a foot of water in the streets and with the loss of a few piers.

But many other towns and villages and cities have suffered as well as Galveston, and, in proportion to their size, suffered almost as severely.

The situation for all of southern Texas is a terrible one, but for Galveston it is one of horror.

The bridge across the bay from the mainland to the island on which Galveston is built are either wrecked or too badly damaged to use. The only one that may by any chance be standing is that of the Galveston, Houston and Northern railroad, and it cannot be used because the drawbridges over creeks to the north are gone.

As to the country north of Galveston it is thought that every town on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad

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ENGLISH TIPTOPPERS' PAY.

What the Leading Men of All Professions Earn in England.

It pays to be at the top of things. Money is always attendant upon reputation, for nowadays the successful man is well rewarded for his ability. Diplomacy seems to be one of the most paying professions to follow. "The salary of an ambassador," is a well-known saying when any one wishes to indicate that such and such a person is possessed of great wealth. Sir E. J. Monon, our ambassador at Paris, is the most highly paid of all those vigilant gentlemen who guard our interests abroad. He receives for his services the princely income of £9,000 a year. After him comes Sir H. Rumbold at Vienna, with £8,000; Sir F. C. Lascelles, at Berlin, with the same yearly sum, and Sir Charles Stewart Scott, who draws £7,800 from the public purse to represent us in St. Petersburg. All the English diplomats are well paid. Here is a list of some of them, giving the place at which they reside and the income that comes to them for it: Washington, £6,500; Rome, £7,000; Turkey, £8,000; Tokio, £4,000; Egypt, £6,000; Teheran,